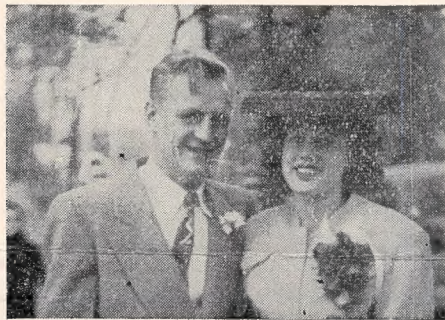


themums. Charlotte was stunning in a rich pearl gray wedding gown and accessories and a bouquet of deep pink roses. Her sister Beatrice appeared equally stunning as the sole matron of honor in a deep rose gown. Yes, little "Peach" (Beatrice) grew up to become "some peach" and everyone's eyes were attracted by the next eligible maiden of the Sarett Household. The bridegroom, George, did not deviate from the traditional wedding garb, he wore black. He was ushered in by Dwight Baker. The ritual was very impressive in accordance with the reformed rite which was something new to ye editor and many of the guests. The feast, which followed the wedding ceremony, was plentiful and regal. There was only one thing that the guest missed and "itched" for, — the folk dancing. The guests, including the bride and her family, are all folk dance "fiends", practically raised on folk dancing, but none was to be had. Many asked for at least a "Sher" (A Jewish wedding dance), but, alas! that fancy orchestra knew none.

The newly weds will make their home in Santa Monica, where George is a publicist. VILTIS and the host of friends Charlotte made in Chicago extend their sincerest wishes to her and George and to the folks of both. She sure will be missed in Chicago.

★



Nagis-Lankus

A pleasant surprise to many LYS folks and their friends was the marriage of Marine Hero Joe Lankus who distinguished himself in the battle of Saipan, a long time LYS member and NFF vet, to a very beautiful young Lithuanian Miss Vera Nagis, at St. George Lith church on October 12th. Our friend, Father Joseph Prunskis, officiated.

Joe was hospitalized during that period, due to an injury suffered at work. He came out of the hospital to get married and soon after the supper returned to the hospital (what fun!). Because of the accident no elaborate preparations were made; the wedding was just for the family circle. Stella Ramoška was the sole matron of honor, and Charles "Chilli" Bladek was the usher. Joe is O. K. now and fit as a fiddle. To the new Mr. and Mrs. Lankus our sincerest wishes for a happy and joyous wedded life.

Siegel-Lieber

On Thanksgiving Day, at Temple Aaron of St. Paul, Minn., Dolores Siegel, daughter of VILTIS Mr. and Mrs. Albert Siegel, was united in marriage to Bernhardt Lieber, also of St. Paul. Mazal Tov.

Lowell-Commings

Another Thanksgiving Day marriage was that of Betty Lowell of Fairhope, Ala., to O. K. Cummings, also a Fairhopean, at the Christian Church. Congratulations.

BABIES



A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Judson Gray, former Fairhopeans who now live in Louisville, Ky. He is Parker Totten, named in honor of the brother of Mrs. Gray (Claire) who died over Germany. Little Parker arrived on October 14th. The Grays have a pair of lovely twins, Nancy and Christine. The Grays were instructors at the School of Organic Education. Since his return from the service, Mr. Gray has accepted a position in the Louisville College. Congratulations to the Grays and Tottens.



Bruce Lawrence Carlson, being a boy and full of the dickens pulled a fast one on his folks and many anxious friends. He was scheduled to make his debut on October 7th but didn't show up until October 31st! Halloween! What a guy. Everyone was getting worried, but all is well and he weighed 9 lbs. 7 ounces (some big Swede: third generation on papa's side). Walter Carlson was one of the very early draftees and among the first to be stationed in Iceland. He was in the service for over three years. Mrs. Carlson is the former Dorothy Engelhardt, sister of Florence Jania. To the Janias, Engelhardts and Carlsons, sincerest congratulations.



A daughter, weighing 7 pounds 10½ ounces, arrived at the Southtown hospital, Chicago, to Mr. and Mrs. James J. Carrol (she, nee Ann O'Connor) on November 18. Diana Jeanette is the second child; Jimmy Jr. is now almost two years old. Jimmy, Sr., an LYS member and an NFF vet, was in the armed forces for nearly three years. To Jimmy and Ann our heartiest congratulations.

AS FOR MYSELF

A few very pleasant things happened during this last month. The first of my surviving kin from Lithuania arrived here. She is my cousin Lily Cernis, a very beautiful girl, 21, a real Lithuanian type who strongly resembles Kazy, a linguist and a very cultured girl (see short story by her in this issue). She was graduated from the Penkta (Fifth) Gymnasium in Kaunas. Five years ago during the first Russian invasion of Lithuania my family and kin were dispersed. Some landed in dread Siberian concentration camps; that they will survive the ordeal is very doubtful. Lily was separated from her family in 1941. Her mother somehow reached Italy, while her father, who he survived the first Russian ordeal was burned in the Dachau ovens of Germany on December 6, 1943. She and her foster family Gecys (cousins of the foremost Lithuanian priest-poet Maironis) lived thorough dreadful experiences. She confirmed the death of my only full-blood brother Ari (Arējas) in Bukkhara (near Afganistan) Russia; the expatriation of my sister and baby brother

(about 17 and 14 years, respectively) along with other 60,000 Lithuanians; and the killing of my parents by the Nazis.

Much happier news to me and to all my friends is the restoration of my voice. Tho it is not completely restored, the improvement is miraculous. Audibility commenced about the latter half of October. It will be three years in January that I lost my voice. According to the doctors, I was not to have it back. I've even seen specialists here and in the South. Some of the doctors, upon hearing of my affliction, didn't even care to make an examination; they were so darn sure that I would never have a restored voice. But says the Psalmist: "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in Princes" (117:8-9, King James 118:8-9). Were I to believe in doctors I should have been dead by now, but I'm very much alive. I was told that my dancing days were over, but man! I dance like anybody's business. And my voice, which should have not returned is returning. For, "Out of the depths I cried unto the Lord" and He heard my voice. Faith and Faith alone healed me, and my profoundest eternal gratitude to His Holy and Glorious Name. I also wish to express my thanks to Rev. George McHardy, S. J. of Spring Hill, Ala., and to Tom Raby of Mobile, Ala., for their continual prayers in my behalf, to Mrs. Camilla Bonnell and all Fairhopeans and other friends who came to my assistance materially during my most difficult periods. This Christmas and in all other Feast days and years to come I shall ever be indebted to them for being the friends they were when friends were needed. May the merciful God who was so gracious to me, unworthy of His blessings, grant them, and all of you, dear friends, His abundant blessings. A joyous Christmas to all of you and Pax Domini Vobiscum.

Pasimatysim
Vyts-Fin.

LITH DELEGATES SEE PRESIDENT TRUMAN.

Washington, D. C.—A delegation of the Lithuanian American Council called on President Truman at the White House on Tuesday, October 29, 1946.

Mr. Leonard Simutis, President of the Council and editor of the Lithuanian daily Draugas of Chicago, introduced the members of the Delegation to the President. Dr. Pius Grigaitis, Secretary of the Council and editor of the Lithuanian daily News of Chicago, read the enclosed address to the President.

The President discussed the plight of refugees and displaced persons whom he had observed during his visit in Germany. He mentioned that he had seen some of the Lithuanian refugees and their condition was difficult to describe. The President expressed his great sympathy for the refugees and mentioned his plan to ask Congress to take responsibility for our share of the numbers of refugees. He recalled his recent intervention in behalf of the Estonian refugees who had come to Florida in small fishing craft.

President Truman reaffirmed his Administration's attachment to the principles of justice for all nations, large and small, and referred to his recent address to the United Nations General Assembly. The President reassured the delegates that his Administration's policy regarding the Baltic States did not change, cannot change and will not change. At the same time he called attention to the difficulties of the period of transition from war to peace and expressed his hope that eventually this country will be able to appeal on the problem brought before him by the delegation.

NOOK OF POETRY CHRISTMAS SONNET

by Burton Lawrence

Ablaze in silver night, one mobile star
Outshining other orbs that holy night
Did guide the Magi, who pursued its light
From oriental mart and bright bazaar,
And many shepherds followed from afar,
Unto a stable where — a mystic sight —
On mangered straw like shredded chrysolite
A king lay, void of crown or scimitar.

But many years have come and gone since then,
Years full of greed, of hate, of war, though some
Have brought the brighter salutary part
Of beauty and such love of fellowmen
That Christ, the very soul of Love, may come
Into the humble stable of each heart.

CHRISTMAS

Converse Harwell

I contemplate the pleasant Christmas season,
My thoughts dwell on this gladsome time;
The dimming past, my memory brings to life,
With friends of far away and long ago.
Traffic jams and crowds in utter disarray,
The mad rush of a holy day commercialized;
The frantic quest for gifts that glitter,
Makes me cold and weary of human greed.
Hope for presents better than those we give,
Gift trading and exchange is out of place;
On the birthday of the sweet Christ-child,
A season for quiet and reverent thought.
Christmas is a season of quieting cheer,
Spent with kith and kin, old friends and new;
Sharing our food and joyous thoughts alike
And remembering the birth, so long ago.

"LEST WE FORGET"...

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A TIRED WORLD

V. V.

We face a world rampant with greed and lust,
And SINFUL waste... Dear God, because we must,
Help us to weave our own life's pattern true,
Help us, two harvests, ever to renew;
Those in the fields of earth, the hearts of men,
With longings much like ours, Dear God.. and then
Help us remember neither race nor creed,
Only eternally our brother's need.

America is not a land apart!
She is, of every nation, the one heart;
The Jew, the Jap, "Dago" and the Swede...
America's the melting pot, indeed!
The little war lords ever come and go,
Impermanent as shadows on the snow,
Put Christ-like love, each for his fellowman,
Within our hearts. God bless us all. Amen.



Dangiško Palaiminimo Broliams
Lietuviams Kristaus Gimimo
Švenčių Proga

KUN. STASYS RAILA
Philadelphia, Pa.